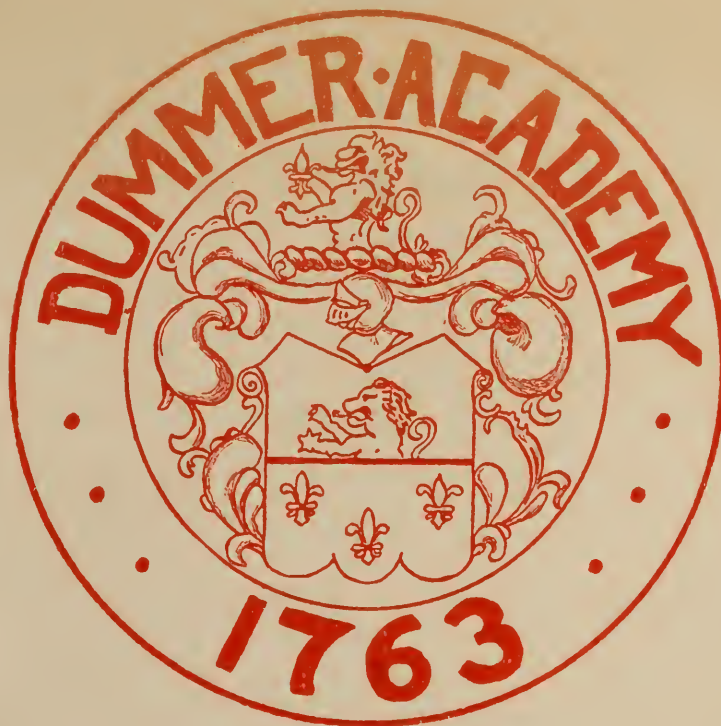


Feb 1914

# THE



# ARCHON

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# THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the  
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*Vol. 2, New Series*

*FEBRUARY, 1914.*

*No. 3*

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## A DAY'S OUTING

Ned woke up with a start, fearing that he had overslept, but one glance at the little clock on the mantelpiece showed that he had plenty of time. He got up at once, however, as it was just that kind of a June morning when one feels as if he were committing a crime to be spending any unnecessary time in bed.

He was soon down stairs, eating a delicious breakfast, prepared by the best cook in the world, his mother. After breakfast, he went out to the shed back of the house, and wheeled his motor cycle out into the yard, and, while his mother was putting up his lunch, he saw that everything was in good condition, and strapped a small satchel which contained his fishing outfit on behind. Just as he had completed his work, his mother called to him that his lunch was ready, and so, having put it in the bag, he got on his machine. In a moment the motor was humming merrily, and he was soon speeding down the road to Spartansville.

As this little town was only a mile

away, it was but a few minutes before he was going up the main street and then up the drive to his chum's house.

"I'll be with you in just a minute", a voice from the house called between mouthfuls of strawberries and cream, as Ned came to a stop.

A moment or two afterwards, Bert came dashing out of the house, munching the last of the delicious berries.

"My, those are great!" he murmured, as he was starting his motor-cycle, which was standing by the side of the house.

"Well, you haven't forgotten anything, have you?" asked Ned, as they were both ready to start.

"Don't know what it is if I have," said Bert, "so let her go!" And with this they started down the drive.

They had soon passed through the town, and were running along towards Lake Randolph on the hard macadam roads, for which parts of New York state are so noted. Every summer Bert and Ned had gone over to this lake on a fishing trip, for, although it was quite a little way

from Spartansville, there was no lake where black bass were so large and numerous.

It had been about nine o'clock when they had left Bert's house, and they counted on reaching the lake about eleven, if all went well. It was a glorious morning to ride, for although it was getting rather hot as the sun got higher in the sky, the air rushing swiftly by made it seem more like flying than anything else. There were many automobiles and teams on the road, but only once did they have any trouble in getting by. This happened when they came up behind a big load of hay on top of which was a man who "never did like them new-fangled ideas, anyhow." He didn't seem very anxious about turning out, so the boys just waited for a wide place in the road, and then skipped by.

About half-past ten, as they reached the top of a high hill, they could see the lake in the distance, bordered on every side by steep hills. As it was all down hill the remainder of the way, it was not long before they reached the lower end of the lake. Here there was a small stream where they got their live-bait, so it was not long before they both had their poles rigged out, and soon they began to pull in the fat chubs which black bass think are such delightful meals. As they did not have a very large pail in which to keep them alive, Ned went up the road to a farmer's house, where they had been the year before, and got a large water-pail, also the keys to the boat which the farmer owned.

As they wanted to get quite a few, it was nearly noon by the time they put up their poles, and so they decided to eat their lunches first and then go out on the lake afterwards. After the long ride of the morning, everything tasted fine, and the sighs of satisfaction and content increased with every bite.

"My, but we ought to get some fine bass with those chubs!" said Ned, looking into the pail of splashing fish.

"Well, it won't be any fault of ours if we don't," replied Bert. "Almost one o'clock," he added, glancing at his watch, "so let's finish up this pie and get out on the lake."

"All right! Here's the key to the boat, you can go down and get it unlocked, and I'll carry down the poles and the pail in just a minute."

It did not take them long to get things ready, and after putting the poles and the pail of chubs in the boat, Bert gave the boat a shove, and Ned took the oars.

They headed up the lake towards a small cove where they had usually had fine luck. When they arrived there, they threw out their lines, each with a fine fat chub on the end of it. They then watched eagerly, expecting to see the bright red bobbers pulled beneath the surface by hungry bass.

They were becoming a little discouraged when all of a sudden Ned's bobber disappeared with a rush and his pole began to bend. After a little careful work, however, he brought a fine bass over the side.

"My, but it's a beauty," exclaimed Bert.

"Well, here goes for another one," said Ned, as he threw out his rebaited line.

It was not long before Bert managed to pull one in, and then they began to come fast. They rowed around to several places, and by the time they had to start back, they had a fine mess of fish.

It did not take them long to reach the lower end of the lake once more. They packed their things on behind their motorcycles, and after locking up the boat, started for home. They stopped on the way at Mr. Hulett's, the farmer from whom they had gotten the keys and the pail. They



showed him their string, and gave him two fine bass for his kindness.

After leaving there they hurried right along, as it was getting rather late. Over the fine roads, they made good time, so that they reached home early enough to have some of the fish for supper. With their pleasant day and exhilarating ride home, the boys enjoyed eating the bass almost as much as they did the time spent in catching them.

P. G. D. '14.

## THE RUNAWAY

During the past summer I had a job, and a job it was in every sense of the word. I was working on section 113 of the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Saulte Ste. Marie Railroad, in North Dakota. We went to work at 7 o'clock in the morning and were busy until 5 o'clock at night. Our work consisted of cutting down the weeds at the side of the tracks.

One day it rained hard in the morning so that we were not able to work; but in the afternoon it cleared off so that we went to work after dinner.

"Jake," the section boss, came down to the little box car, (which had been fitted up for a hut), where I was living, and said we could go out and "mow weeds" that afternoon. So we arranged everything on the little auto-car he owned, which took the place of a hand-car, and went out to the end of the section, about seven miles, to work.

"Jake" would cut down the weeds between the length of two telegraph poles and then skip two, where I would cut, etc., and the last one was supposed to push the car ahead. "Jake" would start the engine and ride his distance, stop the engine, and let the car coast a little way. But once he forgot to turn off the switch, and the car went down the

tracks with "Jake" after it. The speed of this car was about twelve miles an hour, and as "Jake" was not very fast, the car got away from him.

He motioned to me to follow, but I didn't have any chance of getting it: in fact, it took me some time to get started because it looked so funny to see him running after his car. We ran for a while but soon saw that it was no use. One of "Jake's" German friends had seen the car go by his place and had gone after it on a horse.

"Jake" walked down the tracks after his car, but I stayed to talk with another of his German friends. We talked about the prospects of his friend getting the car and he said that he didn't think he would, because the horse was afraid of the tracks.

I was most concerned about getting back to town, as I didn't want to walk over five miles, on the hot ties, if I could help it.

"Oh," he said, "That is all right. I flag train for you."

I didn't want to flag the passenger train, but if he wanted to, I was willing. So, when the four o'clock east-bound passenger came along, the only one each day, he went out in the middle of the tracks and waved his arms.

The engineer blew his whistle and the train came to a stop.

I told him about "Jake's" car and he seemed quite amused. I asked him if he would take me into town and he said, "Sure! We had instructions at the last station to pick up you and Jake." So I had a nice little five-mile ride into town on the engine.

"Jake" was there, but his car had gone through that town and on to the next one, in all a distance of nearly fifteen miles, before it was stopped.

T. R. T.

## THE CAPTAIN

'Twas the last five minutes of play. The visiting team was being forced back slowly, oh, so slowly! Two yards, one yard and five yards, through the line. And then they held. The gray captain implored, the gray coach shouted, the gray stands shrieked, but not an inch could be gained through the tired men in black. Shoulder to shoulder they dug their toes into the ground and pushed. Then the ball was theirs. They could not hope to gain. They kicked.

The ball rose, weak and wabbling, jerked, and came down in the arms of a gray back, who tore off five precious yards before he was downed. Three minutes to play, the score,—Black 6, Gray 3. The coach could spare but one substitute for the worn-out Compton team, but three fresh gray men took their places in the line. Again the battering began. Twice the fresh Turner line hurled itself in vain upon the wavering men opposite. The third time the attack fell upon Stanley, the Compton guard. There was a crash of bodies meeting, a push, a drive, the black guard gave, and a mass of gray jerseys poured through the opening. First down! Stanley again took his place, battered, weak, tired. Again the smashing, irresistible weight bowled him over and dashed through the opening for eight yards more.

The Compton coach shook his head. Stanley had played a brilliant game. In the triumphant first half, he had torn the gray line to pieces. Compton could always count on his side of the line. But now he was so weak and tired from the perpetual grind and wear that he could scarcely stand. And there was no substitute for him. Three Compton men had been injured and five replaced. That used up all the extra men.

A minute and a half to play. Two more tired gray men were replaced and the backfield, stronger than ever, at last was stopped. Stanley, bolstered by two backs, had held. An end run netted no gain. The gray attack turned again on Stanley. The first feverish rush gained five yards. This was heart-breaking—the grind, the struggle, the ceaseless wear. The black stands were in despair, the gray in a fever of anxiety.

Crash! the huge gray fullback tore apart the line, bowled over all resistance and was tackled with the goal within his reach. Stanley was dragged into his position. He saw the last white line under his feet, he saw the whirlwind gray attack form, he saw the time-keeper raise his whistle. Behind the hysterical little quarter was imploring, "Hold! Hold! Oh Stanley take a brace! It's the last time, the last time! Fight line! Fight! Drive! On your toes. NOW!" The gray guard was on Stanley. He held for a moment. Then a gray back flung him aside and swept over the line just as the whistle blew.

They had lost. The stands told anyone that, the gray flags waving, the defiant shouts of the black supporters drowned out by the thunderous roar of the gray; the grinning, cheering gray men, paraded on the shoulders of their schoolmates; the sullen body of black jerseys, dragging themselves across the field,—carrying Stanley and the hysterical sobbing quarterback—all these told the story.

In the club house an hour later, a new side of the affair dawned on Stanley. Knight, the captain, had been hurt at the beginning of the game, leaving little Ross, the quarter, in charge of the team. And Ross had piloted the team to defeat. Stanley knew that Ross would have no



chance to win the captaincy against him now. Yet,— who had lost the game?

That night the team met to choose a captain. There were only two candidates, Ross and Stanley. And Ross had no chance.

When the team came out there was a crowd around the door. "Who won, who won?" was the eager question. Then there were cheers. "Ross! Ross!" Stanley had withdrawn from the candidacy, saying that he himself had lost the game, and Ross had been elected. A moment later the new captain appeared almost doubting his good fortune. And after him came Stanley with a brave smile on his face that only a man who has really "played the game", could wear.

### A NEW DISEASE

One day last week one of the inmates of Pierce Cottage got up at 6.45, and that fact alone is enough to make it a red-letter day of history. He had not proceeded more than half way with his dressing, however, before his hands stopped midway in the process of tying one shoe. And what was the reason? Only the morning rendition of that heart-rending and tear-producing masterpiece, Nevin's "Rosary." Outward from Flander's room drifted those strains which hold the dresser spell-bound.

This lasted only for a moment, though, for it was not to be that the "Rosary" should occupy all of his attention. Far be it from such! From Baker's room across the hall, the soul-stirring strains of "In My Harem" reached his ears. He pauses for a moment, and then dashes to his room-mate, and together they do the tango down to wash.

By this time, DeRosay had arisen from his downy couch, and, after listening to the duel between "The Rosary" and "In My Harem", de-

cides that he will see if he cannot harmonize things a bit. Accordingly, he starts the "Sextette from Lucia." This doesn't seem to help matters much, and things do take a decided turn for the bad, when Bushnell starts in to sing (?).

By some strange freak of luck, Mr. Ramsden got up about this time (just imagine it!), and, as he believes that a crowd is better than two or three any old day in the week, he soon had his infernal machine wound up, and "Maira, My Girl," joined the harmonious tumult.

It was about this time that the head of the person who had done the early rising act, began to feel funny. "The hours I spend with—wives for breakfast, wives for—Bella figlia dell'amore—I love you Maira—" began to ring in his ears, and, combined with the robust tenor voice of Mr. Bushnell, sounded rather queer. He couldn't hear a thing but this harmonic medley all that day, and the following day he was taken to a sanitarium where he is now being treated for "musicalitis."

### THE BAFFLING TWINS

During a short visit of Chandler and myself at Rowe's home during the Christmas holidays, we had occasion to attend a dance given by a girl's private school. As Chandler and I at that time were not acquainted with any of the young ladies "Gunboat" took it upon himself to make the necessary introductions. It did not take him long to decide on two who we soon found were twins. "Gunboat" remarked that there might be a choice between the two, so to settle this, we drew straws and by some sudden streak of good fortune I drew the young lady whom "Gunboat" considered the nicest. Thus did the other fall to Chandler.



On the evening of the dance we were escorted down to the home of the twins by Rowe. Our walk to their home, I fear, was not very sociable, for somehow or other neither Chandler nor I seemed very talkative. Perhaps his mind was running in the same direction as mine, for I was quite troubled, wondering how I was to tell the twins apart. To be sure—they had different names, as we had already learned, but then—their names were not to be written on their faces.

I was aroused from my semi-consciousness by "Gunboat", who grabbed me by the arm and shouted, "Hey, where are you going, this is the house!"

Soon we were ushered into the parlor where I saw what appeared to me to be one girl standing in two places. Again I woke up, when I heard "Gunboat" saying, "Allow me to introduce," etc. I took particular pains to observe the twins closely and also to fix their respective names on them. Now that the preliminaries were over, I think both Chandler and I felt a little relieved for we both were suddenly graced with the power of speech again. One thought, however, continued to run through my mind, and it was, "If there ever was a pair of twins we surely have them before us now."

I was still perplexed as to how we were to tell them apart, and not till we were nearly ready to start for the dance did I solve the problem. Both were dressed identically, but one of them, the one I was to take, had a bow on her dress nearer to one side than had the other young lady. Thus, I found my way to tell which was which.

As we left their home for the dance, our mistakes began when Chandler started off in the lead with the young lady whom I was to take. Perhaps the reader can imagine my thoughts toward Chandler for

running off with my prize much better than I can express them here. However, it was up to me to go with the one who remained.

After arriving at the school we were soon dancing and I forgot my troubles. Everything went well until the time came to take partners for the last dance. The dance before this one I had danced with Chandler's partner and was still sitting beside her when the music commenced for the last dance.

Chandler, on getting up, looked across the hall and noticed that I was conversing with one of the twins and he at once concluded that this girl was not his partner, but mine. At least—he walked over to my rightful partner, who got up and danced with him, although she realized that he was making a mistake. So Chandler's rightful partner and I got up and finished the last dance, if it might have been called such, for it consisted mostly of a struggle to subdue laughter and giggles from both the twins, during which time Chandler was quite innocent of his mistake.

The dance ended, and after putting on our wraps, we met the young ladies again to accompany them home. Chandler this time changed back to his rightful partner, the one with whom I had danced the last dance, and was quite unconscious of his numerous changes.

Going home in the car Chandler displayed a post card picture of a most illustrious football squad. This picture he handed to one of the twins and commenced to tell in a highly complimentary manner, the merits of the team. Believe me, dear reader, when I say that during his little speech, I think Rowe and I were having great visions of being on the Harvard Varsity football squad in the near future, for Mr. Chandler

*(Continued on page 19)*



# The Archon

*Published Monthly in the interest of  
the Students of Dummer Academy*

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The circulation of THE ARCHON is 1000 copies, each issue.

The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE ARCHON.

On January 20, Mr. Degen left South Byfield on his western tour, the object of which is to raise an Endowment Fund and the money for a new dormitory, which is to take the place of the farm house. The hearty send-off given him by the boys was a sufficient testimony that he took with him the earnest wishes of all for the greatest success possible. We are sure that there is no one who can do this great service to the school more ably and efficiently than Mr. Degen.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Tobin, who has come to take the place of Mr. Degen in the school.

These nice, frosty, winter mornings, when you have to sit on the radiators to keep from freezing, you fellows must not wear long faces and say, "Oh, I wish it were summertime now!" Why you wouldn't half appreciate spring and summer if there was no winter to contrast them with. Surely there is no truer saying than "Variety is the spice of life," so keep on smiling and before you know it, you can have that before-breakfast tennis game, and after-supper baseball practice.

There is not the least doubt but that every boy in school wants to have good teams to represent Dummer. Then, since every one wishes Dummer to have good teams, it is up to each one to do his little share towards that end.





## HOCKEY.

After the Christmas Vacation was over, hockey commenced in earnest, and since then progress has been fairly fast, considering that practically none of the men had ever played on a team before. The first real scrimmage was with Newburyport High School, and took the form of a practice game. This showed that Dummer lacked team play and was weak at shooting. Newburyport finally won, 3-1, after four periods had been played, but then were lucky to get any of their points, inasmuch as they were scored because of the inexperience of the Dummer goal-tender. Profiting by the mistakes of this game, Coach Jenkins got the team to working more smoothly in the short interval before the first real game of the season with Manning High School, at Dummer, and everyone was confident that a close contest would result.

Manning secured the puck at the start, but was quickly broken up by the Dummer forwards, who carried the puck down to the Manning points before it was lost. This was as near as Dummer ever got to their opponent's cage. Rush after rush of the Ipswich men was broken up by the home team until finally a long shot from the side of the rink by Steeves went through Coleman's legs for Manning's first tally. This, however, only made Dummer try all the harder, but they were unable to carry the puck any farther than mid-rink, for the superior weight and experience of Manning prevailed at every point. During a scrimmage in front of the Dummer cage cover-point Marr received a bad jab in the eye from the point of a stick, which rendered him temporarily senseless. It looked quite serious, as he had

not had time to close the optic, - and Chandler was moved back from center to cover-point, Bushnell going in at center. The game, which had been suspended some little time, was now continued more fiercely than ever, but finally Manning scored again on a lucky shot that jumped over Coleman's stick. Both sides were beginning to tire, as the pace was fast all the way, and, after a spirited rally, Manning again counted, this time a short poke from scrimmage doing the trick. The game ended a moment later with both teams struggling desperately in Dummer territory. The final score, 3-0, was encouraging in some ways to Dummer, as Manning, with a fast seven, had expected to run up a much larger score. Nothing can be said of the individual playing, as the team worked together more than before; there is, however, a good deal more to be hoped for in this respect. Coleman at goal gave a good exhibition of turning off shots during the last half. For Manning, Steeves and Erickson were the stars. Steeves's shooting was a feature while Erickson dribbled cleverly. The team play of the Ipswich men was also good.

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## BASKETBALL

Basket-ball was taken up again after the Christmas vacation and we found our schedule complete. We have Portsmouth H. S., Gloucester H. S., and Haverhill H. S., on the list of our opponents. It was encouraging to note the return of "Cy" Young to the squad. "Cy" was a regular back on last year's victorious five and with Captain Yesair and Poto we now have three of last year's crew to present to our rivals.



DUMMER 38;

HAVERHILL Y. M. C. A. 12.

The Haverhill Y. M. C. A. boys were given, and the Dummer lads put up a good, hard game at the Dummer gymnasium, and Dummer came out on top. The game was somewhat rough at times and Referee Jenkins was obliged to put Poto and Whitman out of the game for "roughing it up," but this did not seem to prevent others from doing some rough work. Yesair did some very good shooting for Dummer. He caged the ball nine times and some of his shots were from difficult angles. He shot one while lying on the floor with a Haverhill man on top of him. For Haverhill, Whitman was the star shooter and had the Dummer backs following him very closely.

The summary:—

Dummer.	Haverhill.
Yesair, l f	r b Robinson, Beal
Poto, DeRosay, r f	l b Fay
Holden, c	c Russell
Rowe, l b	r f Holder
Young, r b	l f Whitman

Baskets—Yesair 9. Poto 4. Young 2, Rowe 1, Holden 1, Holder 2, Fay 1, Whitman 3. Baskets from fouls—Whitman 2, Poto 2. Referee, Jenkins. Timer—Towne. Periods—15 minute, 20 minute.

ST. JOHN'S PREP. 32;

DUMMER 18.

In a very rough and exciting game St. John's five proved themselves superior to ours. We say "St. John's five" when we really ought to have said "St. John's fourteen"—as just that number of men were used by our opponents. The game was not as much one-sided, as the score would indicate. The score, with only ten minutes to play, stood 15—15, and it was then that St. John's showed good basket-

ball, and thus was able to beat us. St. John's had the advantage of playing on her own floor, which was "extra-slippery." It might be said that our boys were given a "square deal", and were treated with due courtesy. We appreciated that very much.

T. Smith and L. Smith, the St. John's forwards, were very fast men and had our backs running around like wild men. Donahue also starred for St. John. For Dummer, Poto played a good game, scoring 16 of the 18 points, DeRosay also played well and deserves credit.

The summary:—

St. John's.	Dummer.
T. Smith, r f	l b Young
Broderick	
L. Smith, l f	r b Rowe
McAuliffe	DeRosay
Bateman	
Murphy, c	c Holden
Donahue	
Welch	
Childs, r b	l f Yesair (capt.)
Drummy	
Hull	
Butler (capt.) l b	r f Poto
O'Mally	
McMahon	

Score—St. John's 32, Dummer 18. Goals from floor, L. Smith 3. T. Smith 5, Broderick, Donahue 4, Butler, Yesair, Poto 4. Goals from fouls, L. Smith 4, Poto 8. Referee, Sullivan. Umpire, "Stuffy" McInnis. Scorer, Irwin. Timer, Fitzgerald. Time, 15 minute and 20 minute periods.

On January 21, the team played the return game with St. John's in the afternoon. It was a hard-fought game, but the whole team went into it determined to win,—and win they did, by the score of 19 to 16.

The game was a good exhibition of real basket-ball, as very few fouls were called on either side. Both  
(Continued on page 19)



On Saturday evening, January 11, an informal dance was given by the boys to Miss Katherine Ingham, daughter of Doctor Charles Ingham, who returned to her school in Hacktstown, N. J., the following Monday. The night was a beautiful one and the moon was in all its glory. The committee in charge (of the dance—not the moon) was composed of Messrs. Poto and Coleman.

The first of the entertainments for the benefit of the Athletic Association, was held on the evening of Friday, January 16. It was a decided success and everyone enjoyed it immensely. About one hundred and fifty people were present, all of whom were enthusiastic in their praise. The participants were Miss Ruth Ivy, violinist; Miss Ethel Hague Rea, coloratura soprano; Miss Mary Pumphrey, pianist, and Mr. Fred E. Kendall, humorist and impersonator. Miss Ruth Ivy was especially good and the applause when she finished her selections was deafening. The second one of these entertainments is to be held February 6, when the double quartette of the Boston University Glee Club comes to us.

We are much indebted to Mr. Bentley for giving us such a pleasant time, also for the hard work he

has put in for the Athletic Association.

We wish to welcome Mr. George German from Minnesota, who came to us from Exeter Academy at the close of the Christmas vacation. The boys who were to room in the farm house have gone back to their old rooms, and we are now crowded to the utmost. H. F. C. '14.

## THE DUMMER FIRE

When we returned from our Christmas vacation we were greeted with the sad news that the old landmark of the Academy grounds, namely, the farm house, had been entirely destroyed by fire on the afternoon of December thirty-first. The building had recently been remodelled, and the lower floor had been converted into two school rooms for the Junior Department, and two rooms for a master and his wife, while the upper floor had been made into a dormitory for the Senior Class boarding students. New furniture had just been placed in the rooms, and the Seniors were to take possession when they returned from their vacation.

With the exception of a chair and table, everything in the building was destroyed.

In behalf of the students of Dummer Academy we wish to express our



sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, who lost not only their personal property but also all their wedding presents.

The cause of the fire is as yet not quite determined. It was discovered by James Sleeper, head electrician and caretaker of the Academy, who quickly summoned aid, but to no avail. Calls for help were sent to Newburyport and Ipswich. Both cities sent their fire departments to our aid. As soon as the fire apparatus arrived, a line of hose was run to a pond nearby, and after chopping several holes in the ice they were able to force a strong stream of water against the flaming structure. The fire had gained such headway, however, that it was impossible to stop it, so all efforts were bent to save the barn and chapel, which are close by.

Although both of these buildings were somewhat burned, the damage was very slight. The fire, in its mad career, burned two large elm trees which stand close to the buildings, and it is feared they may have to be cut down.

The loss, not only of the property itself, but of the historic associations connected with the old farm house, is keenly felt by the student body.

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## THE NEW BUILDING

Since the last issue of *THE ARCHON* work on the building campaign has gone steadily on. The fire which on December 31 obliterated the remodeled farm house, deprived us of the Junior School rooms and all the students' rooms on which we were counting to relieve the congested condition in Commons and Pierce cottage at the opening of the winter term.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, too, lost their home and all their belongings at the same time. They are housed in Pierce, in the house-master's

rooms kindly offered by Mr. Ramsden. By some crowding, the boys were packed away in the various buildings, and a gang of carpenters and masons under Eddie Hoyt, '02 changed the interior of the old chapel for the Juniors in short order. The scene of Master Moody's labors reverts to its former uses for the time.

As soon as the temporary arrangements were complete, the next thought was that the new building we *wanted*, we now *must* have immediately. Mr. Tobin relieved Mr. Degen of his school duties that he might give all his time to the campaign.

As to the building, it is roughly estimated that a brick building with a proper Colonial trim, 36 x 74, can be built for about \$20,000. This would give a dormitory for fourteen boys and a master, three good class rooms and considerable space to utilize as later needs suggest. For this we have a pledge of \$5,000, \$2,500 insurance, and about \$500 sent in by sympathetic friends at the instance of Mr. Degen.

Amid the cheers of the school assembled to wish him good luck, Mr. Degen started westward on the 20th. He will visit New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Chicago, returning in about a month.

We earnestly hope that the friends in the cities visited, and near by, will extend to Mr. Degen all possible aid and suggestions. In his absence we who are nearer the school, must not be idle. Even one more large gift will insure immediate success and make the hall a sure thing for next fall when it will be badly needed. Should we fail to get it, the steady growth in numbers of the past few years will be stopped, as all our available space is in use today. Do not refuse to help because your gift must be small—do a *little*, and do it *now*—please.



## EXCHANGES

Owing to a lack of space, our last month's issue had no exchange department and we were unable to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Blue and White," Tamaqua, Penn.; "The Illiad," Troy, N. Y.; "Mirror," Sharon, Pa.; "The Palmer," Palmer, Mass.; "The Pickett," Shepherd College, West Va.; "The Red and Black," Claremont, N. H.; "Res Academae," Wilkes Barre, Pa.; "The Shamokin High School Review," Shamokin, Pa.; "The Tiltonian," Tilton, N. H.; "The High School Recorder," Saratoga Springs, New York.

We have received some unusually excellent Christmas numbers this month. Among them we find:—

"The Advocate," New Brunswick, Me.; "The Blue and the Gray," Roland Park, Md.; "The Blue and White," Tamaqua, Pa.; "The Brecia," Portland, Me.; "The Chronicle," Niagara Falls, N. Y.; "The Clarion," Arlington, Mass.; "The High School Critic," Beacon, N. Y.; "Hilltop," Jersey City, N. J.; "The Illiad," Troy, N. Y.; "News," East Orange, N. J.; "Nugget," Baker, Oregon; "The Pickett," Shepherd College State Normal, West Va.; "The Purple Pennant," Cortland, N. Y.; "The Preparatory Herald," Keyser, West Va.; "The School Bulletin," Pittsburg, Pa.; "Shamokin High School Review," Shamokin, Pa.; "The Taconic," Williamstown, Mass.; "The Technology Review," Boston, Mass.

Our Exchange list is increasing from month to month, and as the fellows seem to like these school papers we are always glad to make new acquaintances.

The School Bulletin, Pittsburgh, Pa. Yours is a very neat and attractive cover design. A little snap and originality would improve your exchange department.

The Tiltonian. Yours is an attractive edition, rather larger than the average. Your cuts of the Athletic teams add much to the appearance of the paper.

The Illiad. Your paper is excellently written, as usual. Don't let us miss any of your copies.

The Red and Black, Stephens High school. Your cover design is very neat. We hope to see an Exchange department in your next issue.

The High School Critic, Baker, New York. Your paper is good as far as it goes, but there should be more to it.

The Chronicle, Niagara Falls, New York. We like your subject matter well enough but we do not like your arrangement. Your athletics and literary work should have separate headings and your advertisements should be kept by themselves, not mixed in with the rest of the material.

In looking over some of our exchanges we notice that the exchange departments of many papers are by far the weakest part of the paper. Too many are content to fill this department with an acknowledgment of exchanges received and a lot of second-hand jokes.

The exchange columns should be placed where editors should be able to find and give valuable suggestions and bits of praise, when they are deserved. A school is oftentimes judged largely by its paper and a little more care would make the exchange department of many a school publication an asset and not a liability.



De Rosay—"Kramer, where's that basketball suit?"

Flanders—"Probably he took it into court and lost it!"

Rowe at supper—"I turned off the light in your room."

Bushnell—"That's bright."

Rowe—"Yah, that's why I put it out!"

August Mead, running into the Commons one cold morning, said—"Gee, it's so cold, my hands are all STILL!"

In view of there being four Victrolas in Pierce Cottage, we suggest the name Pierce (music) Hall, to replace the unsuitable one.

PROF. I. SMALL,  
DANCING TEACHER,  
TANGOS TROTS SINKS

Oswald has developed into the champion egg eater of the school.

Pretty raw, Sawyer!

Dr. Ingham showing Latin IV, on the board, how the Romans made the letters of the alphabet with straight lines.

"You see I can make these straight line letters much better than the modern ones."

One morning when the mercury showed about sixteen below and the water pipes were frozen, the "Commons guys" had to be "Dry Cleaned," instead of "Wet Washed."

Towne—"Yep, I worked in one of the biggest banks in New England."

Barker—"What'd you do, work the brooms?"

According to Howe—"Some men think the world is growing BADDER everyday."

It was clearly shown at the last dance that several of the girls enjoyed August Mead's SO CALLED "secrets."

My! It must be great to be "Small and Young."

Mr. Ramsden who had just finished explaining "No. 15" on the board, in Chemistry, said, "Who had No. 15?"

Yesair—"Nobody."

Mr. Tobin to Coleman—"This must be read with an air of false-ness and hypocrisy."

De Rosay—"Just read naturally, 'Deac.'"

"Gunboat" translates the French,—"Qui sont les dames?" "Who are the dames?"

Mr. Jenkins to Hale, in Geometry class—"Pretty dull, Hale, been keep- ing late hours?"

"Bill Senior," Yes, didn't go to bed 'till seven o'clock last night."

"Pass the peas, please," said Rowe. Towne scooped all but two out, saying, "Sure, right here!"

In English class—"Wamba was the *gesture* of Cedric of Rotherwood."

In Latin III—"They were tried and acquitted."

Dr. Ingham—Yes, it was a very trying affair."

IFS.

Lines of Caesar all remind us

If we had that Dago here—

We would gladly leave behind us

Loving footprints on his ear.

G. B. G.

De Rosay—I've got a picture of Spud, choppin' his leg."

Towne—"Naw, that was the limb!"

The Archon board is thinking seriously of having Adolph's picture as a frontispiece in the spring issue.

Mr. Farrell—"Rowe, one demerit!"

Rowe goes to the throne to argue about the justice of Mr. Farrell, saying, "Don't you know that only a couple more demerits, and I'll get canned?"

"Well, Rowe, I'd be sorry for you!"

As Rowe went to his seat he seemed to hear a feminine voice from the 'Port saying:—"I'd be sorry too!"

Miller—"Mr. Ramsden, what is the chemistry lesson for tomorrow?"

Mr. Ramsden—"Oh, I'll have you write some equations orally in class."

Mr. Ramsden—"What is an element, Flanders."

Flanders—"Anything you can put together that wont blow up."

## DUMMER DICTIONARY

Brains . . . . . (Undiscovered as yet)  
Bluff, Surest way of securing marks.  
Dignity, . . . . . Mr. Marr.  
Exam, . . . . . A few foolish questions.  
Err, . . . . . To recite  
Flunk,

To recite when you can't bluff.  
Grind, . . . . . A species becoming extinct.  
Jumble, A confused mass; Bartlett's  
French recitations.

Money, An animal of the prehistoric period.

Pony, . . . . . Sh!  
Study Hall, A place to study (obsolete).

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## THE COMPLETED BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Dec. 10. Wed. 7.30 p. m. Newburyport Y. M. C. A. 2d at Dummer.

Jan. 14. Wed. 8 p. m. Haverhill Y. M. C. A. 2d at Dummer.

Jan. 17. Sat. 4 p. m. St. John's Prep. School at Danvers.

Jan. 21. Wed. 3.30 p. m. St. John's Prep. School at Dummer.

Jan. 24. Sat. 7.30 p. m. Gloucester High School at Dummer.

Jan. 28. Wed. 7.30 p. m. Haverhill High School at Dummer.

Jan. 31. Sat. 8 p. m. M. I. T. Freshmen at Dummer.

Feb. 4. Wed. 3 p. m. Portsmouth High School at Dummer.

Feb. 7. Sat. 8 p. m. Salem High School at Dummer.

Feb. 11. Wed. 8 p. m. Salem High School at Salem.

Feb. 14. Sat. 3.30 p. m. Quincy High School at Dummer.



## EXCHANGES

The Breccia, Portland, Maine. If a little more time were spent on your fiction department, your paper would rank among the first on our list.

The Advocate, New Brunswick, Me. Your fiction department is a lot better than that of the average high school paper.

## THE BAFFLING TWINS

(Continued from page 10)

made us feel as if we were quite wonderful players.

After about five minutes of Chandler's glowing praise, he was interrupted by the twin to whom he was talking by these words; "Yes, Mr. Chandler, you showed me that picture and told me about it before in the dance hall." This was enough for his nibbs Mr. Chandler, who ignominiously subsided.

We closed the evening as far as further excitement went by bidding the twiny twins good night at their home. However, there did remain a little more enjoyment for "Gunboat" and me when we informed Chandler of his several mistakes. He replied, "Well, they surely are twins if there ever were twins! Why, did you notice that even coming home on the car one of them folded her arms and on looking at the other one, sure enough, her arms were folded too?"

A period of silence followed, finally broken by Chandler, saying, "Gunboat, I don't mind meeting all your lady friends here, but if you have any more twins on the list, I pray you steer me clear of them or I shan't be able to recognize my own mother when I go home!"

P. B. M. '13.

## ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 13)

there was not a slacking up of vim during the whole game. St. John's scored the first basket, but Poto soon evened things up by some fine shooting, and by some good team work, we soon had things coming our way. At the end of the first half the score was 10 to 6, in our favor.

The second half was another period of hard-fought playing. During this half both Poto and Young made feature shots, as did Capt. Butler of St. Johns.

The final score was 19 to 16.

Capt. Yesair played his usual fine game and was on the jump every minute. Poto was the big scorer for Dummer, caging six baskets and three fouls. Young and DeRosay covered their forwards, both of whom were fast players and fine shooters, as did Rowe, who took a new position as center.

As the game was not started until late, the St. John's team remained at the Commons for supper, and returned to Danvers on the six o'clock car (half an hour late).

The line up was:—

Dummer.	St. John's.
Poto, r f	r f Butler
	Murphy
Yesair, l f	l f Welch
	McAuliffe
Rowe, c	c Donahue
Young, r g	r g T. Smith
	McMahon
DeRosay, l b	l b L. Smith
Baskets: Poto 6, Yesair, Young.	

Goals from fouls, Poto 3. Referee, Jenkins. Timer, Farrell. Periods, 20 and 15 minutes.

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